

ELEGIE

On the Much to be Lamented Death, & Loss of the Right Honourable,
WILLIAM EARL of CRAWFOORD,
Lord LINDSAY, &c
And One of His Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council, &c.
Departed this Life, March 6th: 1698.

Y
OU Noble Lords lay by your Robes, Come Mourn a while with me,
For good Lord Crawfoord that is gone into Eternitie!
You Nymphs upon *Parnassus* Tops, make doolfull Melodie,
With Tears of the *Catallian Brook*, for this great Deslinie.
A Star is fallen into this Land, we may call it a Pole;
That none on Earth could ever pick in his Blanket a Hole.
Now PIETY has got a Blow, in Countrey and in Town,
He was a Pillar of the Church, Supporter of the Crown;
Fofia like he did behave, when Truth lay at the Stake;
Would venture Life and Fortune both, buts Word he would not break.
If *Argus* should appear and weep, of that there's great need
Or *Valley Hadarimmon* like, to her Garments rould in blood,
EarlCrawfoord did behave himself in every stop of Station,
He was a Credit to his Name, and Famous in the Nation,
He was a Stat's-man most intire, the King put him in Trust
To be a great Lord Theasurer, because he was most just:
He wore a Belt of Secrecy, and well did know it's worth,
There was a *Motto* upon it, and that was called Truth;
If one should venture to Discrive his Noble Ancient Stock,
Would need to have a Diamond Pen, to place it in a Rock:
But Death that fearful Bloody Foe, Grand Enemie of Man,
Has bent his Bow, and with a Dart from Earth now has him tain:
Deaths Commission's very great, he bears a Bloody Shield,
The Motto of his Scutcheon is, *Ye Mortals all come yeild.*
The Good Men they are taken away, unto the Kingdom Loss,
He was prepared every hour, Death came not unaworse:
His Name will blossom in the Dust, and have a fragrant Smell;
For Piety and faichfulness He others did excell.
There is a plant sprung from his Loyns, his Honours to succeed,
That is so Vertuously inclin'd does not eat idle Bread;
Like a young HERO he behaves, Humilitie's his Leader,
He is beloved of every One, from King unto the Begger.
Great Volumns might be wrote of him, that lyes into his Tomb,
My Pen cannot my Muse renown, therefore I must succumb.
If that *Sylvester* were alive, to Embellish this in Gold;
Our Rare *Buchanan* with his Pen, His Worth can scarce be told.
He's now gone to Serafick Bliss, the Heavens would not him want;
Though he was Cloath'd with Human Flesh, He was a Reali Saint.
Since no Man can descrive him well, that in this Land does dwell:
He'l waken at the Trumpets Sound, and answer for himself. J. D.